DISHRAG

0.50¢

April '98

Cleaning all day

...Then we play

Wallowing at the DishPigs picnic in February

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Dishwashers and Kitchenhands Picnic report

Kitchen workers stories and cartoons

Extracts from "Sabotage"

Your Stars

This is the second Dishrag to come out, brought to you by DishPigs. We ar a group of kitchenhands, dishwashers and short order cooks in Melbourne who try as far as is possible to look out fo each other in this high turnover, often very individualised industry.. This mag is a way for us to get out our experiences. All with stories, cartoons , poems etc to contribute are most welcome.

Our next social ;

PICNIC

May Day (Friday May 1st)

1.30-5.30pm

Warr Park, Brunswick

(cnr Albion & De Carle sts)

All Welcome, whether working in the industry or not.

Terms #1 of Concealment

Time And Motion Study

An experiment thought up to see how fast they can make us work before our limbs fly off

MAY DAY RALLY

a group of anarchists have called a rally to be held on mayday itself, as the Trades Hall called one on the nearest Sunday is seen as a cop out on demanding this as a public holiday

It is to be held outside the GPO on Bourke St at Noon on Friday 1st of May.

Bring Banners and Flags

We hope that any of you that go dont forget our picnic afterwards. It is a Workers Holiday after all !

BOTTOM OF THE FOOD CHAIN
I NEED MORE POTATOES, ONIONS CUT, HEADS RIPPED OFF FISH, TOO MANY ORDERS, I'M THE ONLY ONE DOING MY JOB WHERE'S MY DISH PIG..!!
I CAN'T SEE MY FACE IN THIS FORK. ITS THAT INSOLENT DISH PIG. WE MUST WORK HER HARDER, ALSO THERE IS VOMIT ON THE FRONT STEP, SHE CAN LICK IT UP!
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO SCRAPE, YOU DO IT. I MIGHT GET MY APRON DIRTY. ALSO THERE IS BLOOD IN THE STAFF TOILET, DEAL WITH IT.
FUCK OFF I DON'T CARE I'M ON A BREAK.

This is an extract from "Nebula Awards 26" that is a collection of science fiction short stories. It confirms what I always thought. We are the true hereos and those glory seeking Head Chefs , always laying their bad moods on us kitchenheros, have been seen for what they are.

Karen Joy Fowler

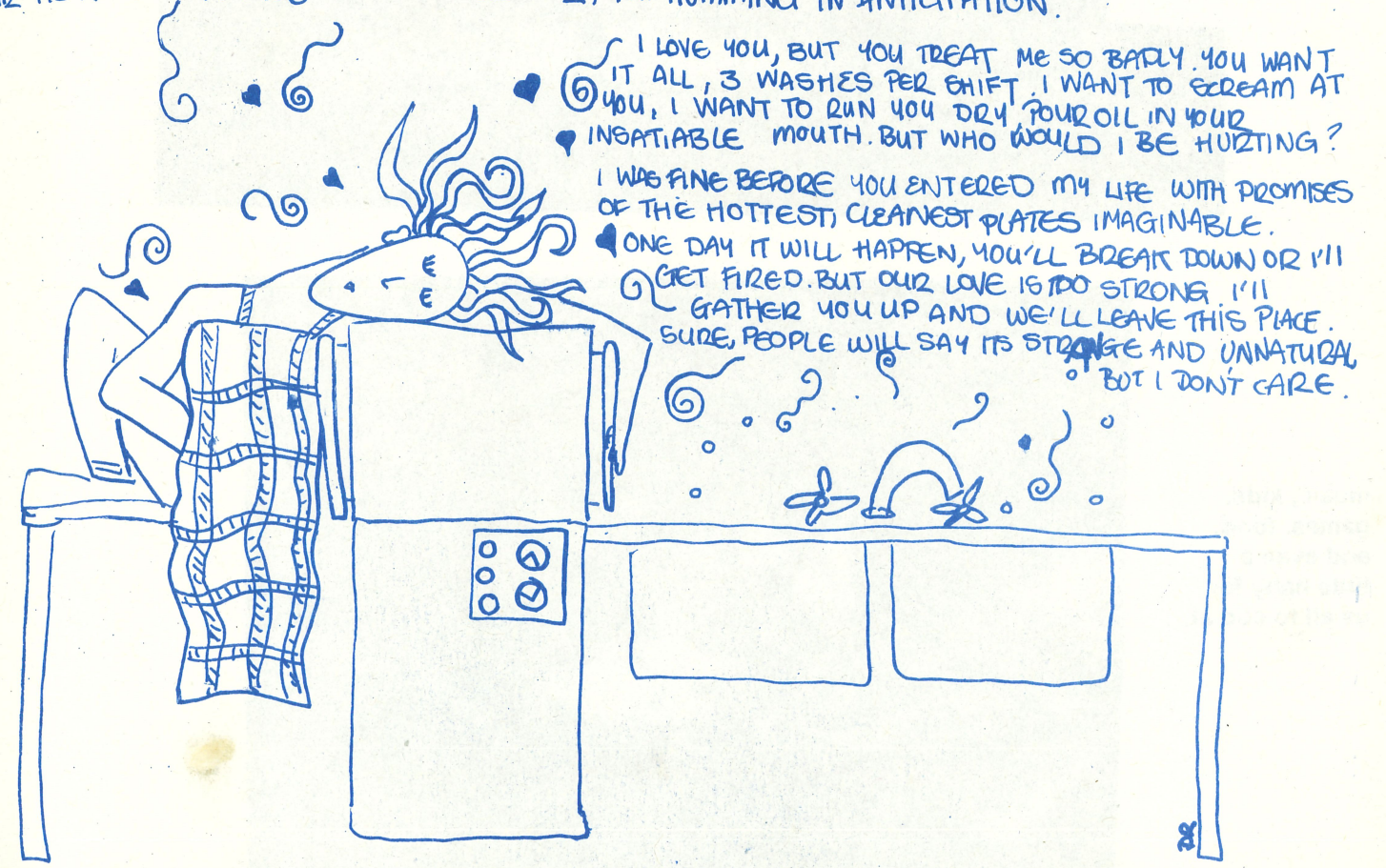
"If I am a contrary writer," Karen Joy Fowler explains in a preface to "The Faithful Companion at Forty," her wildly imaginative leap into the troubled mind of Tonto, "I am even worse as a reader. I never like the character I am supposed to like; the protagonist generally strikes me as self-important, self-indulgent, and more than a bit careless with his loved ones.

"But somewhere in the book I can usually find a character I do like, someone whose heroism is without theatrics, someone genuinely self-sacrificing, someone doing the dishes."

Fowler's affection for the peripheral and the put-upon also informs the story you're about to read, a relativity-theory extrapolation at once wistful and angry. Lieserl, I suspect, did more than her share of dishes.

THE WIND HOWLED DOWN THE LANEWAY, WHEELIE BINS, HUDDLED, CONSPIRING TOGETHER. OVER NEEDLES, DEAD PIGEONS, USED CONDOMS, DOWN THE UNLIT, CONCRETE STEPS, THEN BANG, INSTANT FLUORO LIGHT AND INTO THE BOWELS OF THE BUSINESS, THE KITCHEN.

BAG UP, APRON ON, DISHWASHING MACHINE OFF. THEN LOVINGLY: CLEANING, RINSING, UNTANGLING, ROCKET, PARSLEY AND MEAT SCRAPS FROM YOUR FILTER. I TURN YOU ON, CLEAN, SHINY, MY FINGERS ON YOUR BUTTONS, TURNING DIALS, SLOWLY, SLOWLY. YOU ARE DRIPPING AND HOT, SO HOT, I CAN FEEL YOUR HEAT ON MY FACE AS I COME CLOSER, YOU HUMMING IN ANTICIPATION.


I LOVE YOU, BUT YOU TREAT ME SO BADLY. YOU WANT IT ALL, 3 WASHES PER SHIFT. I WANT TO SCREAM AT YOU, I WANT TO RUN YOU DRY, POUR OIL IN YOUR INSATIABLE MOUTH. BUT WHO WOULD I BE HURTING?
I WAS FINE BEFORE YOU ENTERED MY LIFE WITH PROMISES OF THE HOTTEST, CLEANEST PLATES IMAGINABLE.
ONE DAY IT WILL HAPPEN, YOU'LL BREAK DOWN OR I'LL GET FIRED. BUT OUR LOVE IS TOO STRONG. I'LL GATHER YOU UP AND WE'LL LEAVE THIS PLACE. SURE, PEOPLE WILL SAY ITS STRANGE AND UNNATURAL BUT I DON'T CARE.

Piggin' in the Park

Sunday 15th February saw the inaugral DishPig Picnic held in Princes Park with a day of good weather and even better spirits.

The gathering was well attended both by Dishpigs as well as many of their friends and a few kids....

After an excellent lunch thanks to communal effort and the kind lending of the Food not Bombs van and equipment an afternoon of fun and frivolity ensued with hot competition in the pan throwing contests and a reasonable amount of good hearted foul play in the cup and plate carrying comps....

Musical entertainment was provided by busker and muso Dishpigs with impromtu acoustic jam sessions throughout the day...

The picnic also saw the launch of the first issue of DishRag which was (and has been) well received by all fortunate enough to be aquire a copy. Copies are still available if you send a self addressed envelope and two 45c stamps to:

P O Box 383
Brunswick 3056

The picnic was just the beginning and elsewhere in the rag you'll find ads for other upcoming social functions....feel free to come along, especially if you are in the industry....or just like what we are doing....

Hey, which way is the finish line ?

music, kids, games, food, and even a little baby for us all to coo at.

DISH PIG SPORTS RESULTS

PIN THE SCOURER ON THE CHEF

Dish Pig no. 4567 won the junior competition by pinning the scourer half a cent. to the left of the chef's hand.

Dish Pig no. 378 won the senior competition with a perfect pinning to the chef's dick

DETERGENT DRINKING COMPETION

All competitors were disqualified due to spitting, unfinished glasses, pushing and out right cheating.

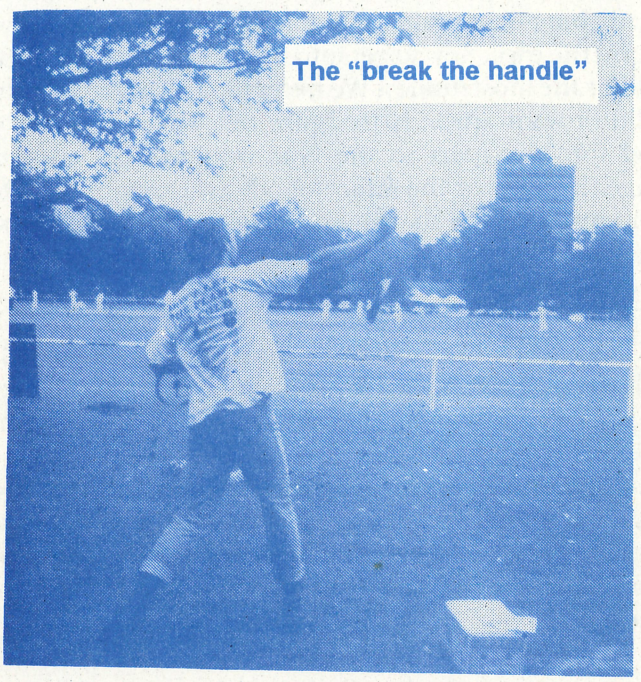
PAN THROWING COMPETITION

Dish Pig 678 won the competition with a record breaking throw that will be hard to beat. A special award goes to Dish Pig 234156 who broke the handle off the pan.

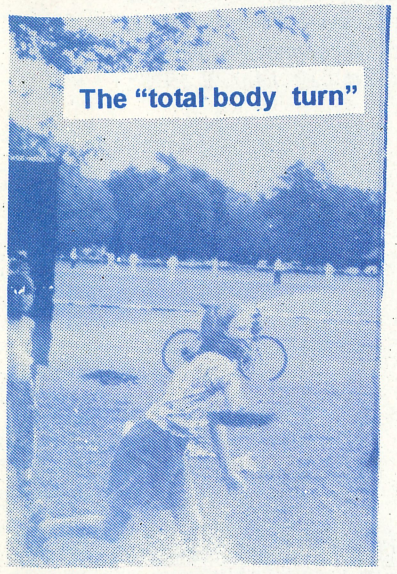
DISH PIG RELAY

Absolute chaos which is to be expected. Name calling, re-runs, accidents, abusive gestures and outright violence combined to make this event the most enjoyable and spectacular of the day. The winners of this event will be cause for dispute for years to come.

oh dear, we cant see the flattering picture of the head chef.

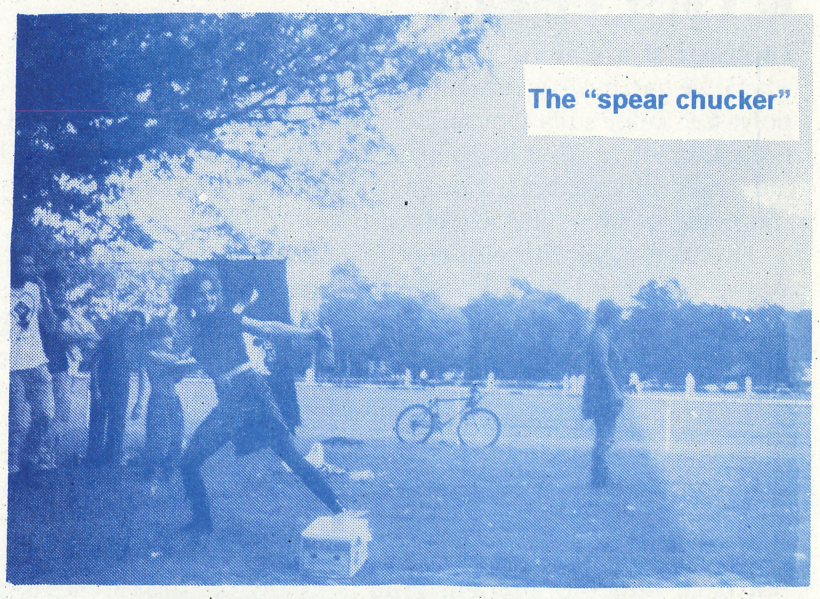


The "break the handle"

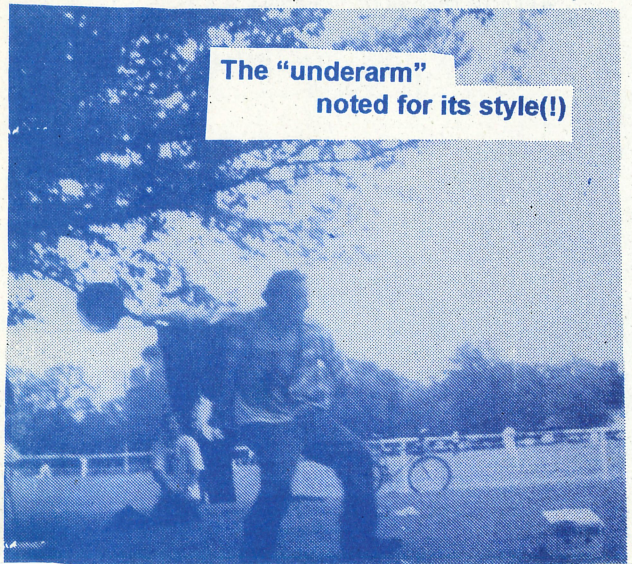


The "total body turn"

A Study into pan throwing techniques



The "spear chucker"



The "underarm" noted for its style(!)

The "side swing"

DISHWASHER • STEVE

I was twenty-seven years old and had just graduated college. All I could get was a dishwasher job at a country-style French restaurant. I thought it would suit my needs because I was just looking for an easy job.

The boss was kind of a Charles Nelson Reilly meets Captain Kirk type, an incompetent leader who yelled when things were going wrong. He was the worst cook there, of course, and he loved to schmooze and waltz from table to table. Then he'd run back in the

About a month later, me and a friend who also worked there started going in at night and stealing money. We knew where the boss put the cash, how to get into the safe, and on which days there would be the most money. We never took all of the money because we didn't want anybody to figure out what we were doing. We paced the hits apart so the boss wouldn't get suspicious and change the locks or the safe. Nobody ever caught on. There were never any reports in the newspapers or anything like that. After a while we got tired of being cautious and started taking all of the money. This went on for months.

It really hadn't been our intention, but it worked out that when all of the money started disappearing, the boss had no choice but to tell the owners about the problem. The regular bank deposits were always short money and because the boss was the last one to touch the money, the owners were suspicious of him. He got fired a couple of weeks later. The best part of it was that the owners charged him with embezzlement. Last I heard, the boss had to get a lawyer because the case was going to court. He was up shit creek.

So a fourteen-year-old kid fucked him up because he was an asshole.

BUS BOY • CHUCK

I worked at a seafood restaurant in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where we had to wear ridiculous outfits. They were these big, blue polyester sailor suits that had big, white bell-bottom pants and a French sailor hat that had a little red fuzzball on top. All the little old ladies who ate there thought we were cute. It was horrible: the suit made us sweat and we felt completely embarrassed.

I worked there with a lot of my friends and we were all bus boys. We were on the low end of the totem pole. The waitresses were cheesing us for the tips. We were supposed to get a certain percentage but we rarely got anything. The guy that ran the place had a horrible temper which he took out on us, so, needless to say, we had a lot of animosity towards the place.

The restaurant was famous for its desserts. The little old ladies liked to eat these massive napoleons and big cheesecakes. We had this game called "Search and Destroy." When the waitresses weren't looking or were turned away from the counter, we would run back into the kitchen, grab as many of these desserts as possible, take them back to the dishwashing area, and totally dig into them with our hands, filling our mouths and eating them as fast as we could. Then we'd throw the dish in the dishwasher to destroy the evidence.

I worked there for four months wearing that little hat. I used to take it off and hide it, but then the owner would ask me, "Where's your uniform?" I'd pull out the hat and put it back on. One time the owner wanted us to work on New Year's Eve and we were all at someone's house, saying how we were tired of it. We sat there burning our little hats and just being totally disgusted with the job. We all decided to quit at the same time, that same day, on New Year's Eve. We left him completely short-handed. That was the best thing, sticking it to that guy on one of the busiest days of the year. We had a permanent workers' strike!

These three stories and the quotes taken from a book called " SABOTAGE in the American workplace. Some of the stories are about revenge, some about oppurtunist mischief making, and some just views of their working life.These are from the 'Restaurant' section. It was edited by Martin Sprouse and published by Pressure Drop Press and AK Press

Striking waiters in France practiced sabotage by publishing the truth about the conditions in restaurant kitchens.
— New York Call, June 29, 1913[3]

Percentage of fast-food restaurant workers who admit to doing "slow, sloppy work" on purpose: 22
— Harper's Index[2]

Who was swiping ice cream at the Fanny Farmer Candy Shop in New Rochelle, N.Y., Mall? Someone from the company's main office in Cleveland dispatched two people to the scene to find out. They zeroed in on the woman behind the counter, Mimi Sunn, sixty-six.

Have you been giving away ice cream? they asked. Yes, Sunn said. About thirty or forty cones in sixteen years — to the guards who escorted her to the night depository.

The police were called. They handcuffed Sunn and took her to the station. Some of the clerks, who'd come to associate Sunn with Fanny Farmer, asked, "Mimi, what are you doing down here?" Sunn was in tears. The grandmother of two had been working in the store mainly for relief from caring for an ill daughter. Now she was charged with petty larceny. The "property stolen" line on the complaint sheet read: "Ice cream cones — $38."

A few people at the station were outraged. Others laughed in scorn at the officers. Calls went back and forth between the Lieutenant in charge and the sweets company, which dropped the charges — as well as Mimi Sunn from its employment rolls.

— "Ice Cream Crime," Reader's Digest [6]

Companies may not be able to control employees; in fact, the opposite may be the case.

— "Losing Dough in Bakeries" Security Management Magazine [5]

PIZZA MAKER • DARRIN

I was in high school and the only job I could get was at Happy Joe's Pizza Parlor. It was really miserable. I had to work the big machine that rolled the dough, and of course, the dough would always get tangled in the machine, forcing it to a stop. Every time it fucked up, my asshole boss would scream at me. He was always screaming at me but he never quite got around to firing me because I did my job as best I could, even though the pizzas were bad and always fell apart.

I started to realize that I always worked the same shift as this girl who was constantly harassed by the boss. He always hit on her and she always turned him down. Then he started grabbing her, and I would be dealing with the dough, saying to myself, "Oh no . . ."

One night he did something completely outrageous to this girl like pinching her ass and I started yelling at him. Of course I was fired immediately. I finished my work for the night and left without fucking anything up, but before I came in the next day to pick up my paycheck, I made a copy of my key to the back door.

kitchen and start screaming, "Who put sauerkraut soup on the menu? No one's ordering it because they think they're going to fart. I knew that it was a bad idea." I know that everybody there must have thought he was an idiot. Everybody kissed this guy's ass, but the minute he was out the door, they would start opening the expensive bottles of wine and logging them in as if somebody had ordered them. We ripped him off blind. Everybody cared about the restaurant, but everybody also ate well and drank lots of wine.

The boss was the guy I was after, because he'd screwed over a friend of mine really good. She was a hostess and he replaced her but kept her on without telling her that she was replaced, so he could make her life a little shittier. It was so cruel that when I was ready to leave, I planned my revenge.

The restaurant had these little cassettes the boss had made up for the house music system. I think there were about thirty of them, really mundane stuff. The week before I was going to leave, I took five of the tapes over to a friend's house who had a really good cassette deck. I wound ten minutes into the tape, cranked the cassette deck to full volume and recorded a two-second noise burst off the radio; then, another five minutes further into the tape, an even shorter one, and ten more minutes in I recorded a really long gross one where I would rip down the dial. I did this to all five ninety-minute tapes of sleepy music. Then I put a really offensive song on one of the tapes as the ultimate bomb.

Very innocently, I came back the day that I was going to quit and put the tapes back in the pile. After the lunch rush was over, I explained to the boss that I couldn't work for him anymore. I walked out and never came back. For the next few months, sure enough, the customers would be sitting there in this quiet French restaurant, when all of a sudden blasts of noise would erupt and make them drop their forks.

This continued to happen over the months. They thought something was wrong with the sound system or that a CBer came by and cued his mike. When they finally figured it out, it was great because they didn't know how many tapes were ruined. They certainly couldn't afford to pay anyone to listen to all of the tapes, so they had to get rid of all of them.

I think that the rest of my life has been anti-climactic since then. It was a shining moment.

SABOTAGE IN THE RESTAURANT INDUSTRY

FROM "SABOTAGE" BY EMILE POUGET
PUBLISHED 1912 BY CHARLES H. KERR, CHICAGO.
AVAILABLE ONLINE AT: HTTP://WWW.XCHANGE.ANARKI.NET/~HUELGA/SAB.HTM

UP to fifteen years ago the term SABOTAGE as nothing but a slang word, not meaning "to make wooden shoes" as it may be imagined but, in a figurative way. TO WORK CLUMSILY AS IF BY SABOT (1) BLOWS.

Since then the word was transformed into a new form of social warfare and at the Congress of Toulouse of the General Confederation of Labor in 1897 received at last its syndical baptism. The new term was not at first accepted by the working class with the warmest enthusiasm - some even saw it with mistrust, reproaching it not only for its humble origin but also its - immorality.

Nevertheless, despite all these prejudices which seemed almost hostilities, SABOTAGE went steadily on its way around the world. It has now the full sympathy of the workers.

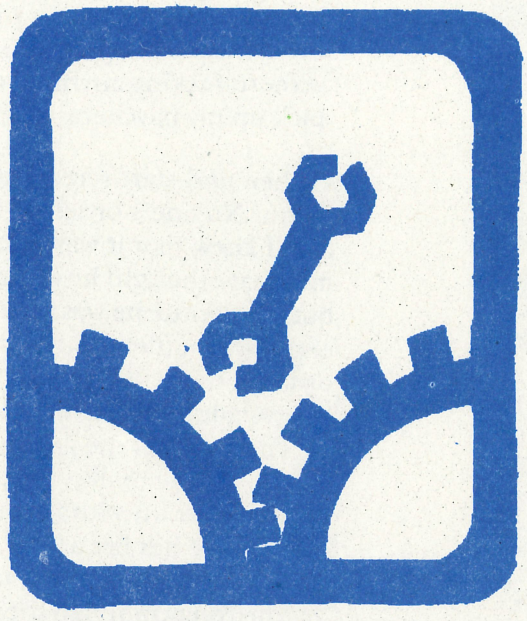
More still, it has secured its rights of citizenship in the Larousse (2) and there is no doubt that the Academy (unless it is itself "saboted" before arriving at the letter S of its dictionary) will have to bow to the word SABOTAGE its most ceremonious curtsey and open to it the pages of its official sanctum.

However, it would be a mistake to believe that the working class waited to apply sabotage until this new weapon of economic action had been consecrated by the confederation congress.

Sabotage as a form of revolt is as old as human exploitation.

Since the day a man had the criminal ability to profit by another man's labour, since that very same day the exploited toiler has instinctively tried to give to his master less than was demanded from him. In this wise the worker was unconsciously doing SABOTAGE, demonstrating in an indirect way the irrepressible antagonism that arrays Capital and Labor one against the other.

(1) A sabot is a wooden shoe.



WORK RATE TOO FAST (APPLY RESISTANCE)

"OPEN MOUTHED SABOTAGE"

It is indeed deplorable to notice how often the workers lend themselves to the most abominable tricks against their brothers and to the detriment of public health in general, without their realising the great responsibility that befalls them for actions which, though not within the criminal law, nevertheless do not cease to be crimes.

The following quotation from a manifesto the people of Paris issued by the Cooks' Union in 1905, goes further than any argument towards illuminating the reader on this subject:

"The head cook of a popular restaurant noticed one morning that the meat which had been brought in was so far gone as to constitute a serious danger to the ones that would eat it. Accordingly he notified the proprietor who on his side insisted that it be cooked and served just the same.

"The chef, disgusted by such cynical demeanour, refused to become an accomplice to the wanton poisoning of the customers, whereupon he was forthwith discharged for his conscientious scruples and all the restaurateurs of Paris informed of his dismissal. He was, in other words, blacklisted. So far the incident reveals only a shameless act of an individual boss as contrasted to an honourable one by an individual worker - but the consequences of that were so far and wide and revealed such a scandalous and dangerous solidarity amongst the restaurant owners as to compel us to denounce it.

"When the discharged chef presented himself again to the employment bureau kept by the Restaurant Men's Association, the manager of it bluntly told him that a cook must not be concerned if foodstuffs are wholesome or decayed, that a cook is not responsible and therefore, being paid, must strictly confine himself to obey orders and that finally, his refusal being unwarranted and peremptory, from that day on he must not rely any more on the bureau to get employment.

Either die of starvation - or become an accessory to poisoning - this is the dilemma imposed upon the workers by the Restaurant Men's Association. That, besides, means that the bosses' unions, far from decrying the sale of rotten meats, hide and defend such an infamous traffic and persecute with malignant hatred whoever tries to prevent the wholesale poisoning of his fellow men.

This episode, of course, is not unique, and in Paris as everywhere else the restaurant keepers who unscrupulously serve putrid food are more than one - if not the rule. On the other hand, the cooks that have the courage to follow the example of their Parisian colleague are mighty scarce. The reason is that by showing too much conscience they risk being discharged and blacklisted. The fear of unemployment is such as

to paralyse many brains, shake many good resolutions and check and muzzle many revolts. This is why the mysteries of the kitchens - whether popular or aristocratic - are never revealed.

And yet it would be so useful to the consumer to know what suspicious foods are manipulated in the resorts where they get their meals! It would be indeed quite instructive to the average man to know that the lobster stew he eats is made with the dining room remains of the crab bones of the previous day, accurately scraped out of their flesh which still adhere to them, beaten in brass mortars and finally coloured with a pink substance.

Likewise he surely would be glad to know that the filets de cheveau are but pieces of abnormally coloured beef, highly flavoured; that to cure and "rejuvenate" the ill-smelling and rotten tasting fowl they stick them with a red hot spit, that all the restaurant supplies (forks, plates, glasses, etc.), are dried with the napkins already used by the clients and so on.

The list would be long and nauseating should we enumerate all the "tricks of trade" of the rapacious and shameless business men who perched in the corners of their shops, not only do their very best to spoliate their clients but also often try to poison them altogether.

On the other hand it is not necessary to know the systems - it would be enough to know in which respectable establishments such crimes are perpetrated.

That is why it is to be hoped and desired in the interest of public health that the workers in that line of trade SABOT the artificial and stolen reputations of their unscrupulous masters and thus warn and put us on guard against these shameless malefactors.

We must here rapidly observe that the cooks have also the means for another type of SABOTAGE - the preparing of dishes in the most excellent way with all the possible and fastidious care and attentions and all the perfections suggested by culinary art and, in the popular eating houses, by being liberal and generous in making the portions.

From all this it clearly results that for the kitchen hands in particular and the food workers in general, SABOTAGE identifies itself with the interests of the consumers.

Some will object, perhaps, that, for instance, the cook who reveals the unpleasant and unsanitary secrets of the kitchen does not commit an act of SABOTAGE but just gives a plain and simple example of professional integrity deserving commendation and encouragement. If so these worthy gentlemen had better be careful for with their encouragement they tread on slippery ground which may precipitate them into an abyss - they may thus unintentionally and unknowingly arrive at a logical condemnation of modern society.

Fraud, sophistication, lie, theft, fake and humbug are the warp and woof of capitalist society; to suppress them would be equal to the killing of society itself.

It is useless to nurse any illusions; the day when it would be tried to introduce into social relations, in all their strata, a strict honesty and a scrupulous good will, nothing would remain standing - neither industry nor commerce nor finance - absolutely nothing!

Now, it is evident that to launch safely his underhand manipulations the employer cannot act alone. He needs help, which in this case means accomplices. And he finds them in his workers and other employees. It follows logically that, wishing to associate the workers in these manoeuvres - but not in his benefits and profits - the boss, whatever the field of his activity, exacts from them a complete submission to his private interests and forbids them to pass any judgment on his operations or to "interfere with his business."

If any such operation is fraudulent, the workers must not be concerned - it is not their business. "Workers and employees in general are not responsible. So far as they are paid they have nothing to do but obey," remarks very explicitly the manager of the restaurant owners' employment bureau.

As a consequence of this subtle sophistry, the worker must renounce his personality, stifle his sentiments and act as dumb as a machine.

Every rebellion to the orders received, every violation of the professional secret, every revulsion at practices, to say the least, dishonest, to which he is compelled to submit, constitutes for him a felony against his boss.

Therefore, should he refuse to be blindly and passively subdued, should he dare to denounce the filthy practices they want him to be part and parcel of, he is considered and dealt with as a mutineer in open warfare against his employer and his scruples are termed SABOTAGE.

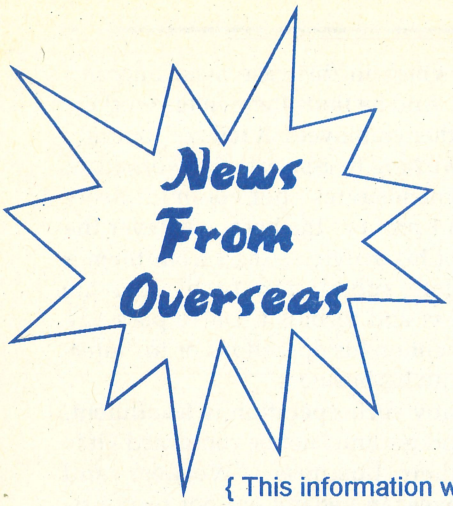
This line of thought, however, is not strictly peculiar to the bosses. Even the labour unions consider as an act of war and as SABOTAGE all revelations prejudicial to the interests of the capitalists.

This ingenious way of driving back the hosts of human exploitation has been called with a special name: open-mouthed sabotage. The expression could not be happier or more significant.

How many are there, indeed, who have built up real fortunes, thanks to the system of being silent on the capitalist robberies!

Without the silence of the exploited that help them it would be very hard, if not impossible, for the exploiters to manage well their sordid business. If they succeeded, if the clients fell into their traps and snares, if their profits from a snow-ball have become an avalanche, they owe their thanks to the silence of their employees. ■

"THE COOKS OF A GREAT PARISIAN CAFE, HAVING SOME UNSETTLED GRIEVANCES WITH THEIR EMPLOYERS, REMAINED THE WHOLE DAY AT THEIR PLACES BEFORE THE RED HOT STOVES - BUT IN THE RUSH HOURS WHEN CLIENTS WERE SWARMING THE DINING ROOMS, NOTHING WAS FOUND IN THE POTS BUT STONES THAT HAD BEEN BOILING FOR HOURS, TOGETHER WITH THE RESTAURANT CLOCK."



ALL IS NOT APPLES AT APPLEBEE'S !!!!!!!!

{ This information was gotten from the internet after IWW members in the catering trade launched a campaign against Applebees in retaliation for them sacking an IWW organiser...whilst not `strong' in the industry IWW members again demonstrate how effective action can be regardless of numbers}

Baltimore GMB and various other radical and activist groups (like Food Not Bombs, and the Crasshole Collective) took part in the direct action against the Applebee's Franchise locally.

We arrived around 6pm, and the restaraunt was packed. The Metarie folks sure know their business, because every table we could take up would cost the bosses profit! We occupied about 6 tables, and were over-joyed to see that drinks were free refills... we definately got our money's worth. We distributed flyers to the wait staff, who responded with enthusiasm.

In fact, so much enthusiasm that eventually other employees were coming up to us asking for flyers. Aparently the Catonsville Applebee's has been having all sorts of issues between the workers and management. Recently, an employee was fired instead of receiving a mandatory promotion based on seniority. All the employees there are kept at thirty hours a week by management decree, so the company doesn't have to pay for full time benefits.

I expect to be getting some calls from some of the staff there to set up a jobshop, IU branch, or something similar.

A rough estimate is that our presence at Aplebee's cost the company $500+ worth of sales, with no penalties to the workers! When we first arrived the hostess was informing of a wait of at least 25 minutes, however, after we had been established for awhile, the suggested wait time was an hour. Some distribution of the flyers to people waiting to be seated caused them to pack up and find someplace that wasn't union-busting to eat!

Around 8:30, managment figured out what was going on. The manager came by each table informing us that we'd have to pay our tab and leave. Some of the Wobblies challenged this. The manager quote that solicitation was not allowed on the premises. "But we aren't selling anything!" said fellow worker Gideon Blockhead. The manager informed us that it applied to giving out flyers to his staff. Remember folks, as long as private property exists... free speech does not.

Still, we took our sweet time getting ready to leave. At 9pm, the scheduled time to end the coffee-in, we left. But before we left the some of the more subversive employees informed us that the management had received a call from the Company's big brass. Apparently Wobblies elsewhere were also having an impact.

Solidarity,

Flint Jones (Acting Secretary Baltimore GMB)

SOURCE: <iu640-l@iww.org>

McUnion Busting, McClosure in Quebec

Montreal, 14 Feb 1998

Friday the 13th brought bad luck to McDonald's workers in St-Hubert, Quebec. Midnight saw management permanently close the store they were close to unionizing.

The mainly part-time, minimum wage staff voted 80 per cent in favour of joining a union last year despite the best efforts of the McMurder Corp. to "persuade" them not to.

According to McDonald's officials, the store was closed because it had never been profitable. The fact that the workers were due to gain accreditation with the Teamsters Union in just a few weeks had absolutely nothing to do with it.

No one else is buying this argument, Steve McDonald, a former staff member who voted to certify, told CBC Newsworld that he believed the decision was simply another anti-union move on the part of McDonalds, and nearly all the customers interviewed felt the same way.

"It's a wildcat closure!" fumed Jacques Godbout, president of the FTQ (Quebec Federation of Workers).

For Godbout the fight is not yet over: "We have not ruled out calling for a boycott of McDonald's in Quebec." A decision will be announced at a press conference on Tuesday. Added Godbout, "McDo is rapidly losing ground in public opinion. They might find their decision to be rather painful."

At McDonald's headquarters, Barbara Thompson affirmed, "This was a financial decision. The franchise has existed for 17 years and has always had a low volume of business. It was losing money before the arrival of the union." Teamsters rep Henri van Meerbeck doesn't believe it, "I pass by the restaurant everyday and the parking lot is always full."

Even the workers were taken by surprise, informed only 24 hours before the closure. This is a violation of Quebec law which demands 7 days notice. Nonetheless, the workers were compensated with two months salary plus aseniority bonus.

This would have been the first unionized McDonald's in Canada. Still, every black cloud has a silver lining. There is now one less McDo in Quebec.

Article by Patrick Borden
Reprint with acknowledgement of source

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Just in case you were thinking that the youth of today were happy to work for a pittance in return for such a *cool* uniform, the above article shows just how heavy McDonalds is about any collective action by workers. It is encouraging that the Unions were supportive, despite the difficulties. Do any McDonalds workers/ex-workers here have tales of their attempts to unionise, or even talk to outside bodies. All welcome to send them to us.

YOUR STARS

BY CRYSTAL CLEAR

GEMINI

Outrageous demands in the kitchen may push you to breaking point. Go with your feelings and smack them in the mouth, but beware the hidden whisk. Your lucky colour this month is black.

AQUARIUS

Watch out for the man delivering unordered food he is after more than your signature. Also your detergent may be wrongly labelled and may contain something harmful, get the head chef to check it.

ARIES

An injury at work may cost you a shift, if you are a dish pig contact the finance delegate to be reimbursed. Quiet days are Monday and Tuesday , enjoy them while you can, you are going to get slammed on Friday.

PICIES

Watch out for extremely hot water this week as Saturn circles Mars. Money matters look good but as always check your pay carefully. There is a possibility of a drain blockage on Wednesday or Sunday.

TAURUS

You will be locking horns with floor staff this month, direct action as always is your only answer. Check the expiration date of the cream, it may lead to a death.

SAGITTARIUS

A mix up with the salad prep is going to cost someone their job. Rally your co-workers, you can overturn the dismissal. The staff toilet is going to require some extra attention.

LEO

It all seems to be going horribly wrong but things are about to change, someone is watching you very carefully and may be in a position to make you an interesting offer. Watch out for someone wearing white, they are not who they say they are.

CANCER

A tall woman brings great news this month. You may be overheard cursing in the dry store and will have to talk your way out of it. Clean floors carefully this month as someone is headed for a fatal slip. Lucky number ,1342.

SCORPIO

A short man with a limp and a patch over one eye signals the start of many changes. An industrial dispute is looming, the bar staff are not with you despite their claims . Stand firm and all you desire will eventuate, solidarity is strength.

LIBRA

There is overtime going this month so take advantage as you can certainly do with the money. Health inspectors are due sometime this month, they will be paying special attention to the cold room.

VIRGO

A returned meal will have far reaching consequences. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut when near the floor staff, one of them is an under cover cop. The time for action against them will come. Unlucky colour , yellow.

CAPRICORN

What seems to be a small burn will turn septic, you are going to lose your arm. Money matters look good as does love, at last things are looking up for you. Enjoy.

IF YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO A 15 MINUTE, RECORDING OF CRYSTAL CLEAR'S PREDICTIONS CALL 9383333345. CALLS COST $20 PER MINUTE, MORE FROM PUBLIC OR MOBILE PHONES

A GREAT DAY AT WORK

Service had just started to kick in, plenty of orders up and pans going backwards and forwards Meanwhile, in the roof, directly above the first and second chefs, the pipe that connects the sprinkler system had burst and the roof was filling with water.

All of a sudden the roof gave way and gallons of water and a century of pollution crashed down on top of the chefs in their brilliant white uniforms. The water kept coming and was ankle deep within seconds. Food, utensils, plastic bottles, garnish, everything was floating around the kitchen while the sprinklers continued their job.

The chefs abandoned their area and came into mine while we waited for the fire brigade to arrive. It was great! The boss came into the kitchen and asked the chef if service was able to continue. I buried my head in the sink to stop from laughing out loud.'Sandwiches' the boss shouted hysterically,"we can still do sandwiches can't we". Typical, money hungry cappo. His chefs are covered in black shit, soaked to the skin , the kitchen resembles a scene from the titanic and he wants them to make sandwiches. I was warned twice for smiling and laughing. What! I'm supposed to be sad, fuck that, this was a dream come true. Eventually the sprinklers were turned off and we began cleaning up. Everything,and I mean everything had to be washed. The boss declared that drinks were on the house for the remaining guests so while they set about getting pissed I ran the kitchen through the sink.

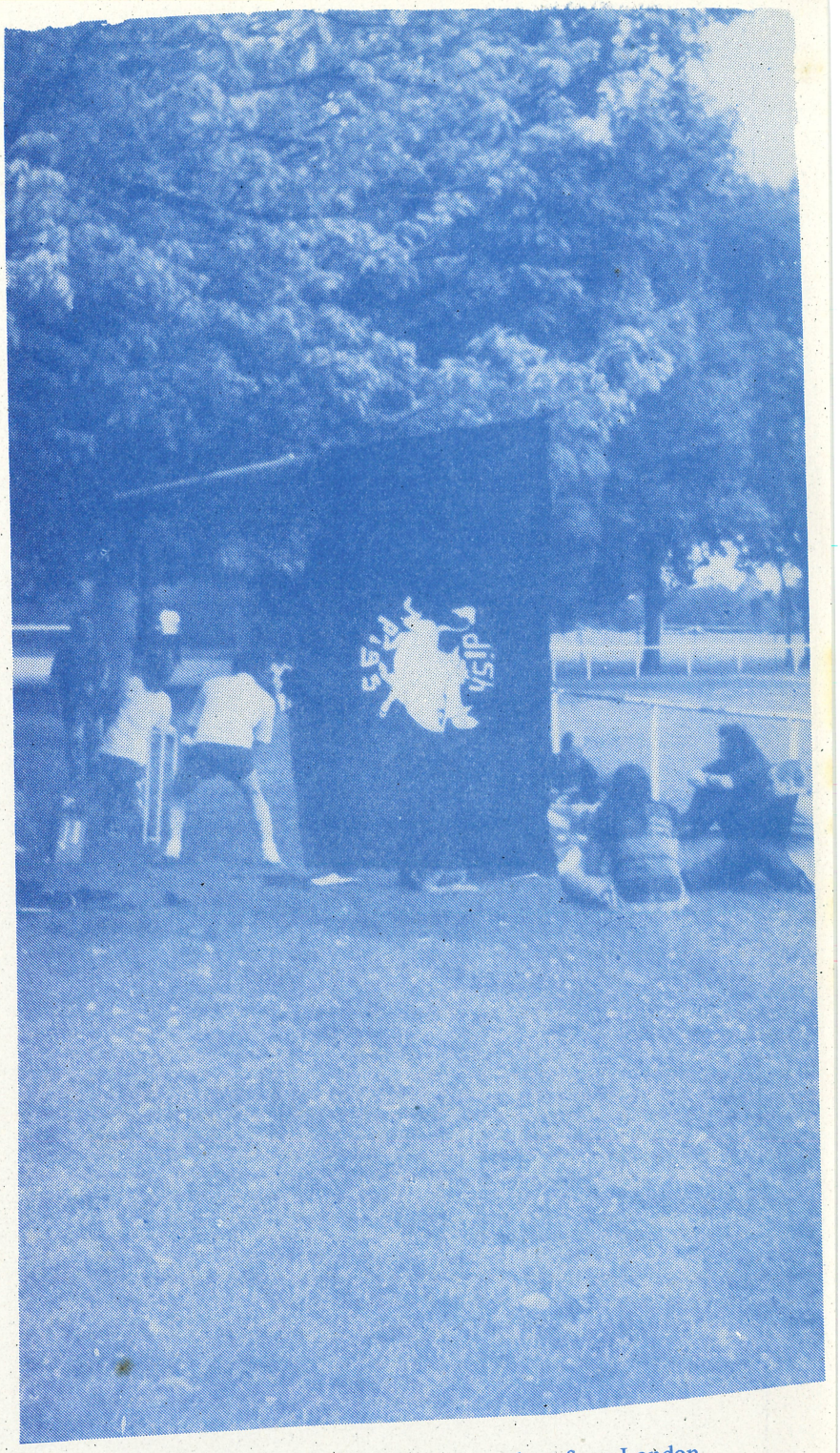
The icing on the cake .

The boss ran into the kitchen yelling' first aid kit, first aid kit'. I had been complaining about the state of the first aid kit and it had always gone ignored. 'What do you need ? I think there is half a bandaid and an empty packet of panadol'.

One of the yuppie scumbags who had more than taken advantage of the free drinks had decided to walk along the bar. He had smacked his head on something and was bleeding profusely. Could things be any better, I asked myself. In the absence of anything resembling medicinal supplies they wrapped the yuppies head in t.towels.

What a sight. What a laugh. What a day
Had they have asked, I would have done the
shift for free, it was that much fun.

THEN AGAIN, PROBABLY NOT



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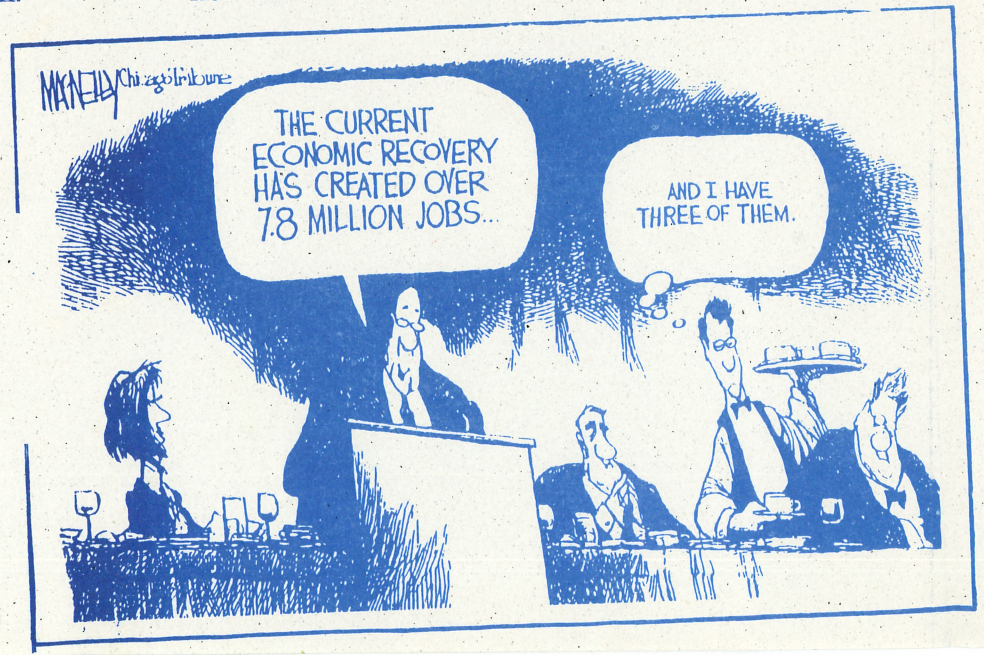
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